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Complimentary

*With loving remembrance
and good-will from*

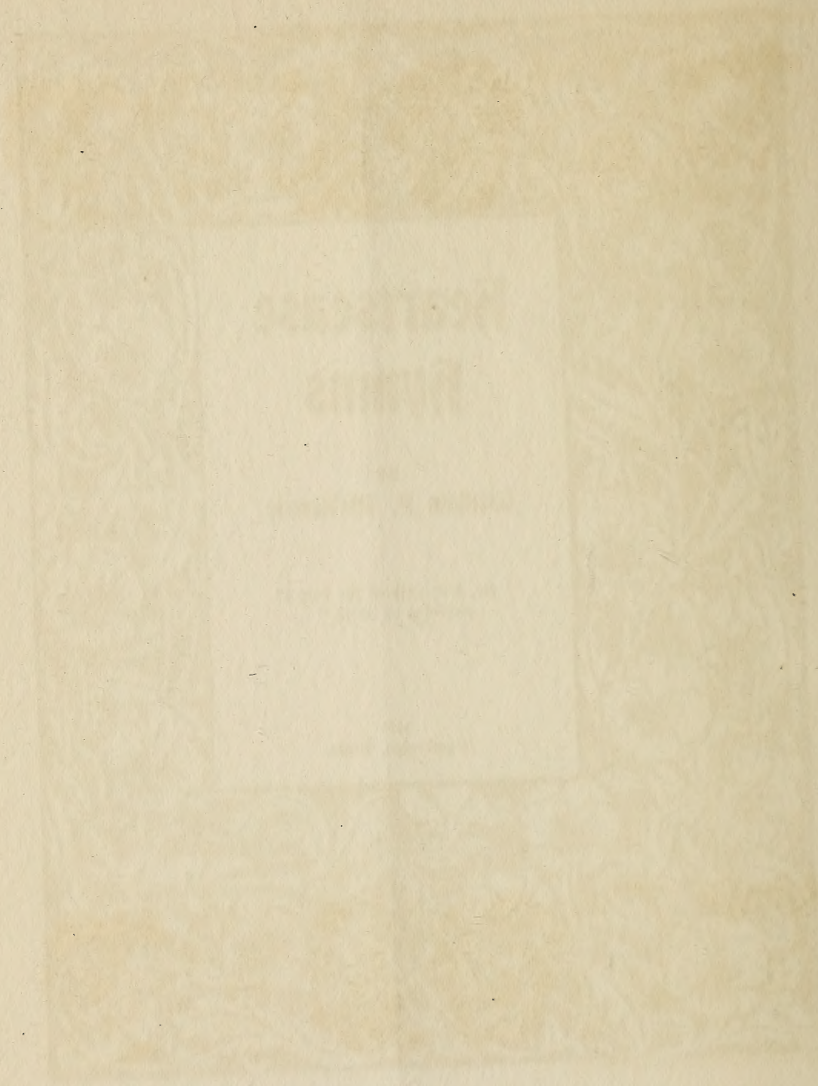
Wm P. McKenzie

Heartsease
Hymns

By ^{Wick}
William P. McKenzie

"Go, love without the help of
anything on earth."


1901
Cambridge, Mass.



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TO FRIENDS MANY

*Where God is known
All men are friends;
For Truth is sown
Where God is known,
Love reigns alone
And dolor ends —
Where God is known
All men are friends!*





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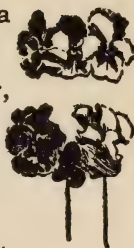
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TRUST the Eternal when the shadows
gather,
When joys of daylight seem so like a
dream ;
God the unchanging pities like a father,
Trust on and wait, the daystar yet
will gleam.

The Eternal



Trust the Eternal for the clouds that
vanish
No more can move the mountains
from their base,
Than sin's illusive wreaths of mist can
banish
Light from His throne or loving from
His face.

Trust the Eternal, Oh repent in meek-
ness
Of that heart's pride which frowns
and will not yield,
Then to thy child-heart shall come
strength in weakness,
And thine immortal life shall be re-
vealed.



ENTLY hath a sweet voice spoken:

One thing needful must ye choose ;
O ye weary and heart-broken,
Can ye still this call refuse ?

The
Good
Part



Seeking good on earth, nor finding,
All your hope earth must defraud,
Things of sense forever blinding
Eyes whose light is seeing God.



Patient love, so wise and tender,
Standing mother-like apart,
Waits till love awakened send her
Each far-wanderer from her heart.

And that love, the one thing needful,
Bringeth life and conquers death ;
Oh, let hearts be still and heedful,
Hearing what the sweet voice saith !





O gentle and pure-hearted was the "Das
mother Liebe
The babe drew life Jesulein"
From love more sacred than hath been
another Luther's
Term

In maid or wife.

And so he grew in sturdy limb and
beauty,

As grows the flower ;

To greet love's sunshine was his child-
hood's duty,

To love, his power.

Behold him silent, after play and laughter,
While dreamy eyes
Seem fixed on visions of the far hereafter,
And thoughts arise.

Yet, if she bid him to some errand lowly,
Prompt will he speed ;
The glad obedience makes the service holy,
Though small the deed.

And so the grace of God doth brood upon him,
As broods the dove ;
For that by which the Almighty One hath drawn him
Is mother-love !





S a little child"—I say the words,

Childlike

And they seem to give me rest ;
As a little child would I become,
And lie on the Mother's breast,—



For God is the Infinite Mother
Who hath borne and carried us all,
Who broods above
With a tender love
Aware of our faintest call.

But I asleep to that brooding love,
Have been content in the dream ;
Or fretted myself by day, by night,
In gaining the things that seem ;
I pray that truth may quicken
The love that is undefiled,
Till freed from art
And quiet in heart
I become "as a little child."





'VE wandered in that country
Where men become like swine,
To them have I been servant
With anxious face for sign ;
The meat wherewith they revelled
Was but as husks to me,
And when I was anhungered,
Father, I thought of Thee.

I heard men call Thee jealous,
With anger that would burn,
So I repenting, faltered,
Long fearing to return ;
I could not trust Thy loving,
Methought to serve for hire,
But Thou hast given welcome
Beyond my heart's desire.

Thou hast received me, Father,
All wearied with my sin,
Nor caused that One should suffer
Ere I could enter in ;
I left in that far country
The thoughts that made me part
From Thee, my Life and Saviour,
And now, I know Thy heart.

Prodigal





BROOK of purest water flows
Beside the narrow way ;
The traveler drinks and is refreshed
Every day.

**The Brook
by the
Way**



But if in blindness to the right
He lose his guiding star,
His feet may wander in the night
' Mong rocks afar —



Where never verdure greets his look
As comes the heat of day ;
With toil he seeks again the brook
Beside the way.





RELIGION'S wars are cruellest
Of all the wars that show ill-will,
The fighters think they serve God best
Who not redeem mankind but kill;—

Pure
Religion



When pure religion, undefiled
By human theory or guess,
Makes man again a gentle child
Loving his kind, and wise to bless.

Now may the Christly truth, like light,
Shine where, in refuges of lies,
Hatred and malice shrink from sight;
Now may the new-born man arise,—

The new-born man who feels the thrill
Of God's creative light and love;
Who makes that love his own goodwill,
And dwells in light, born from above.



E long to walk the way
Our Master trod,
Who was the Son of Man
And Son of God :
Oh may we glorify
Our lives on earth,
That we may manifest
Our heavenly birth.

**Our
Heavenly
Birth**



We need thy guiding love
Shepherd who died
For love's sake on the cross,
And who defied
The power of death to hold,
The grave to keep,
And so from fear of death
Dost save thy sheep.



Love's feast now may we find
Prepared by thee,
Like those who broke their fast
By Galilee ;
When Christ arisen they saw
New hope was given,
With that hope let us now
Be heirs of heaven.



TRUE and tender Spirit, let thy
splendor

Flood our dull hearts with life
and light of God ;

Thro' all temptation be our strong
defender,

That we may walk the path our
Master trod.

Redemption



Teach us the glory of that old, old story,
How Jesus served who might have been
a king ;

Show us the horror of old battles gory,
Till we know hate in heart like ill can
bring.

In our condition cleanse away ambition
Till we find gladness in the quiet mind ;
May we, Thy children, learn our heavenly
mission,
Not to condemn but to redeem mankind.



NTO Shepherds lowly
Came the anthem from the skies ;
Thoughts from heaven holy
Dawned upon their dreaming eyes.

“Glory ! Glory ! Glory !
Unto Love enthroned !” they cry ;
Light illumes the story
Trembling through the wondering sky.

Evangel



“Peace shall bless goodwillng
Everywhere 'mong men on earth !”
Came the evangel thrilling
At the glad news of the Birth.

So the shining glory
Makes in every heart Love's morn,
Hearing anew the story :
“Unto you the Christ is born,—

This day comes a Saviour !”
Wise men mark the star appear ;—
Wise through meek behaviour,
Whoso wills may see and hear !



LOVE divine, that dwells serene,
Whose light of life has no eclipse,
We feel thy comfort, though unseen,
And lay our hand upon our lips.

The
Secret
Joy



No words our hidden joy can tell,
A welling fount, it fills the heart ;
Not in the flesh, in God we dwell,—
In Thee our life, and Love thou art.

And though we meet the low despite
Of such as slew the Crucified,
Patient as he, maintaining right,
So may we triumph when we 're tried.

It is our triumph that we rise
From hate and ignorance and sin,
Yea on the Cross find Paradise,
Certain of God as Love within.





HERE are none friendless, none afraid
The saving Truth who know,
Their shining path leads from the shade,
And up to light they go.

Truth

It setteth free from thought of sin,
It healeth error's blight,
Immortal joy is found therein,
And there shall be no night.



Oh, may we all be children true
Of Love, and Love alone ;
And so in faith make all things new,
By making Love's truth known !





E walk the earth as pilgrims,
For here is not our rest,
Our home is that condition
Where peace hath made men blest,—
The kingdom of the Spirit
Where Life hath conquered sin,
Where Light dispels the evil,
And Love makes all men kin.

We have passed through the waters,
The floods of whelming fear,
And all our old task-masters
Pursued but came not near ;
Though Marah's pools were bitter
The waters were made sweet,
And when we failed for hunger
From heaven hath fallen meat.

The desert may be pathless,
We have the cloud in sight ;
Though nights be drear and starless,
We have the guiding light ;
The Christ-hope is unfailing,
Christ-love makes us aspire
To find with Him, in Spirit,
The land of our desire.

Guiding Light





WITH rapid, feeble footsteps
The boastful error comes,
With blatant, shrieking bugles,
And proud-resounding drums.

**Truth's
Victory**



The Truth is strong, but stately,
And seems advancing slow ;
But when it strikes, needs only
A single forthright blow.



Then error's routed legions
Dismayed in their emprise,
Are gone as quail affrighted
Vanish before the eyes.



But Truth goes on steadfastly,
Assured, and great, and strong,
With one more note of triumph
To swell the battle song.



LOVE like a flower unfoldeth,
Tear not the leaves apart
Long though the white cup holdeth
Secret its golden heart.

Patience and faith withholden
Darken the garden-place,
Longer the warm heart golden
Hides from thine eager face.



Loving the white flower purely,
Glowing when days are cold,
Sunshine will bring to thee surely
Wealth from its heart of gold.

Heart of Gold





HE benediction of the moon
Falls on the lilies white ;
The benediction of their love
Comes to me, as if light
Were changed into a subtle, sweet
perfume.

Purity

Thus fragrance from the pure in heart
Around them makes a sphere
Wherein we *feel* the love of God ;
Our hearts with joy grow clear,
For light pervades the chambers where
was gloom.





THE glory of the arching sky,
So infinite to sight,
By this brings resting to mine eye
And still delight.

The wideness of the swaying sea,
That sense finds limitless,
A great contentment brings to me
And soothes distress.

The endless motion of the wind,
The song that cannot cease,
But makes a quiet in the mind,
And whispers, Peace.

And thus my spirit, knowing Love,
To peace and rest is brought,
So infinite is God above
My highest thought.

And after joys that have an end
There is no will to roam,
For everywhere is God, the Friend,
And Love is HOME.

The Infinite





FROM east and west, from north and
south,

Prophecy

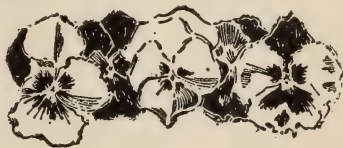


Together men shall throng,
And praises sound from every mouth,
For Love shall give them song.

Before His face shall go the light,
And men, with opened eyes,
Shall see the knowledge hid from sight
As love shall make them wise.



The perfect bond shall be inwrought
With all their hearts, till sin
Shall vanish, as the hostile thought
Is gone when men are kin.



Then all the holy and the just
That ever earth has known,
Shall see the triumph of their trust
When Love ascends the throne.



HOLY new Jerusalem,
Descending from above,
With glory of fair colors
In radiancy of Love !
Thy bulwarks are of jasper
Sapphire and emerald bright,
The amethyst and topaz,
The beryl and chrysolite.

Thy gates that open Northward
The pole star have in view,
Clear light of revelation
That ages have found true ;
The star that shines to Eastward
Shone at the birth of Christ,
So mighty, yet so lowly
When wise men kept their tryst.

Southward beyond thy portals
Shines high the holy rood,
Symbol of earth's redemption
Through Christ-love's brotherhood ;



Jerusalem

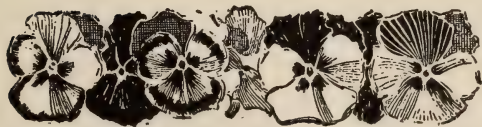


Westward Love's golden glory
Makes each last shadow flee,
And harmony makes peaceful
The golden shining sea.

Jerusalem



O blessed home of Spirit
That Truth hath built "four-square,"
We long to pass thy portals
And see thy colors fair ;
We praise the light of Science,
We bless God's mother-love,
That we behold thy glory
Descending from above !





THE year of release hath come at last, **Jubilee**
The year of Jubilee,
And error into its hell is cast
That the children may go free,—
The children of men who are sons
of God
When love is the truth they see.



And over the roofs and the city walls
The gladness of music swells,
The silvern voice of Harmony calls
And the triumph of Love forth-
tells ;
The joy of the Lord is sung for men
In the jubilee of the bells.





HE doors of my future and past

Have irremovable bars;

I fought as they prisoned me fast,

These doors of my future and past,

But in the still Present, at last,

I am calm beholding the stars;

Though doors of my future and past

Have irremovable bars.

**The
Present**

The future and past are man's,
The Present belongeth to God;
Man visions, and fears for his plans,
(The future and past are man's,)
Regrets, and his failure bans,
Till Peace is a path untrod;
The future and past are man's,
The Present belongeth to God.





LD memories flowing

Like breezes going

Sweet and sad

Are here,

But new hopes growing,

And light-bestowing,

Sweet and glad

Appear.

Dull sorrow clinging,

And pain's dart stinging,

Earthy to earth

Fall prone,

And skyward winging

Our joy upspringing

Of heavenly birth

Is known.

L'Envoi



